

# The Star,

## And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, January 28, 1873.

Number 72.

### JANUARY.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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### NOTICES.

**JAMES HOWARD COLLIS,**  
Dealer and Importer of

**ENGLISH & AMERICAN  
HARDWARE,**  
Picture Moulding, Glass  
Looking Glass, Pictures  
Glassware, &c., &c.

**TROUTING GEAR,**  
In great variety and best quality, WHOLE  
SALE and RETAIL.

**221 WATER STREET,**  
St. John's,  
Newfoundland.

One door East of P. HUGHES, Esq.  
**N.B.—FRAMES, any size  
material, made to order.**  
St. John's, May 10.

### FOR SALE.

**RESERVES & GROCERIES!**

**Just Received and For Sale by  
the Subscriber—**

**Fresh Cove OYSTERS**  
Spiced do.

**PINE APPLES  
PEACHES**

**Strawberries—preserved in  
Syrup**  
Brambleberries do.

**—ALWAYS ON HAND—**

**A Choice Selection of  
GROCERIES.**  
T. M. CAIRNS.

Opposite the Premises of Messrs. C.  
W. Ross & Co.  
Sept. 17.

### HARBOR GRACE

**BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT,**  
E. W. LYON, Proprietor,  
Importer of British and American

### NEWSPAPERS

**—AND—**

### PERIODICALS.

Constantly on hand, a varied selection of  
School and Account Books  
Prayer and Hymn Books for different de-  
nominations  
Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards  
French Writing Paper, Violins  
Concertinas, French Musical Boxes  
Albums, Initial Note Paper & Envelopes  
Tissue and Drawing Paper  
A large selection of Dime & Half Dime

### MUSIC, &c., &c.

Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA  
PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY  
Also, Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufac-  
turing Jeweler.

A large selection of  
**CLOCKS, WATCHES  
MEERCHAUM PIPES,  
PLATED WARE, and  
JEWELRY of every description & style**  
May 14. ttf

**BLANK  
FORMS**  
Executed with NEATNESS  
and DESPATCH at the Office  
of this Paper.

old church many  
nd Mark were a  
after them rode  
for her escort.  
e of Italy's sun-  
ng, chatting and  
g to the fullest

reached the broad  
r half an hour's  
destination. It  
e half fallen to  
wild and beauti-  
and at the back,  
ed with rocks and  
the right, and,  
pped down into a  
th flowers grow-  
among the rocks,  
water flowed mu-  
on the hillside,  
l near the centre

finding an outlet  
ad song in shade  
ntic spot truly.  
s, they proceeded  
By some means  
came separated  
ty, and wandered  
hey reached its  
zed around. The  
ntry seemed lying

ter admiring the  
they walked on  
ek, covered with  
ormed a seat up-  
st.

gent and lovely  
silence had fallen  
hey were seated,  
n's hand said,—  
ss why I have

nd cheek of Mig-  
raising her hand  
curl that would  
its confinement,  
the chain which  
which she caught  
s falling to the  
wering Richard,  
aimed,—  
where can I have

and she looked a-  
banner, trying to  
lying near.

and it when we were  
rock. I will see  
here, and I will  
moment.

the rock, but not  
ried on, and soon  
aces beyond. He  
as he stooped and  
it had been step-  
pen. Of course  
ad broken it, as  
erson there; and

d, he noticed a  
sely, and laid in  
en. The other  
are, painted on  
at it; what was  
not be—and yet  
portrait! Yes,  
y's face smiling

ent astonishment,  
ot hear footsteps,  
stood beside him.  
n she was there,  
d to the picture,

oy do you carry  
but bowed her  
er face with her

ow, she said.  
re is to be told.  
ck to our resting-  
there while you  
e picture.

he said, reaching  
taking the paper  
in the locket.  
aper, opened and  
ertificate of his  
with Mabel Vane.  
on sat gazing far

**TAR  
N BAY SEMI-  
VERTISER,**

ed by the Proprie-  
PARSONS and Wil-  
at their Office, (op-  
of Capt. D. Green,  
r Grace, Newfound-

**THREE DOLLARS per  
lf-yearly.**  
ted on the most  
Per square of seven-  
insertion, \$1; each  
ts.  
ng executed in a  
to afford the utmost

Mr. J. Foote,  
" W. Horwood,  
" R. Simpson,  
" C. Rendell,  
" B. Miller,  
" J. Miller,  
" H. J. Watters,  
" J. Edgecombe,

### NOTICES.

#### PAINLESS! PAINLESS!! TEETH

Positively Extracted without  
Pain

BY THE USE OF

**NITROUS OXIDE GAS.**

A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE  
METHOD.

#### **Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,**

**OLD PRACTITIONERS OF DENTIS-  
TRY,** would respectfully offer their  
services to the Citizens of St. John's, and  
the outports.

They can be found from 9 a.m. to 5  
p.m., at the old residence of Dr. George  
W. Lovejoy, No. 9, Cathedral Hill, where  
they are prepared to perform all Dental  
Operations in the most

Scientific and Approved Me-  
thod.

Dr. L. & Son would state that they  
were among the first to introduce the  
Anaesthetic (Nitrous Oxide Gas), and  
have extracted many thousand Teeth by  
its use

#### Without producing pain,

with perfect satisfaction. They are still  
prepared to repeat the same process,  
which is perfectly safe even to Children.  
They are also prepared to insert the best  
Artificial Teeth from one to a whole Set  
in the latest and most approved style,  
using none but the best, such a  
received the highest Prem-  
iums at the world's Fair  
in London and Paris.

Teeth filled with great care and in the  
most lasting manner. Especial attention  
given to regulating children's Teeth.  
St. John's, July 9.

#### **GEORGE BOWDEN,**

Repairer of Umbrellas and  
Parasols,

No. 1, LION SQUARE,

ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

**T**HE SUBSCRIBER, in tendering  
thanks to his friends for the liberal  
patronage hitherto extended to him, begs  
to state that he may still be found at  
his residence, No. 1, Lion Square,  
where he is prepared to execute all  
work in the above line at the shortest  
notice, and at moderate rates.

All work positively finished by the  
time promised.  
Outport orders punctually at-  
tended to.  
St. John's, Jan. 4.

**172 WATER STREET, 172**

#### **JAMES FALLON,**

**TIN, COPPER & SHEET-**

#### **IRON WORKER,**

**B**EGS respectfully to inform  
the inhabitants of Harbor Grace  
and outports that he has com-  
menced business in the Shop No.  
172 Water Street, Harbor Grace,  
opposite the premises of Messrs. Punton  
& Munn, and is prepared to fill all orders  
in the above lines, with neatness and  
despatch, hoping by strict attention to  
business to merit a share of public pa-  
tronaage.

#### **JOBING**

Done at the Cheapest possible  
Terms.

Dec. 13. ttf

**W. H. THOMPSON,**

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

### POETRY.

#### **The Denouement.**

I am going to be married;  
Don't you envy me, dear girls,  
When you look upon my trousseau,  
Wedding-ring and bridal pearls?  
I am going to be married,  
Though my heart it still is free,  
For I am not as old-fashioned  
As my mother used to be.

She would wed with father, (bless him!)  
A poor farmer, all for love—  
Darn his stockings, churn his butter,  
Meek as any cooing dove!  
And she calls those days the brightest  
Of her happy married life.

What a taste was hers, dear mother,  
To be servant-maid and wife!  
I am going to be married:  
Though my lover is fuscous,  
He has gold and silver plenty;  
Pray what lass would ask for more?  
I must never have a love time—  
I must never ask a mate,  
But do honor to my "veteran,"  
Whom, to tell the truth, I—hate

But I'm going to be married,  
Through a sacrifice, or die;  
And as swift amends hereafter,  
How I'll make his dollars fly!

What with shopping and with flirting,  
What with dressing like a queen,  
I'll be the gayest little wife  
That ever yet was seen.

Perhaps I'll be a widow  
Ere I'm thirty—pray who knows?—  
With a mint of ready money  
And an ocean of fine clothes.  
Then I'll marry some young squire  
Who is handsome, although poor.  
Hark! the marriage bells are ringing,  
And the groom is at the door.

Long, long years are past and over  
Since this maiden chose her lot,  
Yet the old man still is living,  
Hale and hearty, and—why not?  
While his wife has locks of silver,  
And infirmities a score,  
He can count of years a hundred,  
And has hopes of many more!

### EXTRACTS.

#### **Making a Fortune.**

Samuel McFadden was a watchman in  
a bank. He was poor, but honest, and his  
life was without reproach. The trouble  
with him was that he felt that he was not  
appreciated. His salary was only four  
dollars a week, and when he asked to  
have it raised, the president, the cashier,  
and the board of directors glared at him  
through their spectacles, and frowned on  
him, and told him to go out and stop his  
insolence when he knew business was dull,  
and the bank could not meet its expenses  
now, let alone lavish one dollar on such a  
miserable worm as Samuel McFadden.  
And then Samuel McFadden felt depressed  
and sad, and the haughty scorn of the  
president and cashier cut him to the soul.  
He would often go into the side yard, and  
bow his venerable twenty-four inch head,  
and weep gallons and gallons of tears over  
his insignificance, and pray that he might  
be made worthy of the cashier's and presi-  
dent's polite attention.

One night a happy thought struck him;  
a gleam of light burst upon him, and gaz-  
ing down the dim vista of years with his  
eyes all blinded with joyous tears, he saw  
himself rich and respected. So Samuel  
McFadden fooled around and got a jimmy,  
a monkey-wrench, a cross-cut saw, a  
cold chisel, a drill, and about a ton of  
gunpowder and nitro-glycerine, and all  
those things. Then, in the dead of night,  
he went to the fire-proof safe, and after  
working at it for a while, burst the door  
and brick into an immortal smash, with  
such a perfect success that there was not  
enough of that safe left to make a carpet-  
tack. Mr. McFadden then proceeded to  
load up with coupons, greenbacks, curren-  
cy and specie, and to nail all the odd  
change that was lying anywhere, so that  
he pranced out of the bank with over one  
million dollars on him. He then retired to  
an unassuming residence out of town, and  
then sent word to the detectives  
where he was.

A detective called on him next day,  
with a soothing note from the cashier.  
McFadden treated it with lofty scorn.  
Detectives called on him every day with  
humble notes from the president, cashier,  
and board of directors. At last the bank  
officers got up a magnificent private sup-  
per, to which Mr. McFadden was invited.  
He came, and as the bank officers bowed  
down in the dust before him, he pondered  
over the bitter past, and his soul was filled  
with wild exultation.

Before he drove away in his carriage  
that night, it was all fixed that McFadden  
was to keep half a million of that money,

and to be unmolested if he returned the  
other half. He fulfilled his contract like  
an honest man, but refused, with haugh-  
ty disdain, the offer of the cashier to mar-  
ry his daughter.

Mac is now honored and respected. He  
moves in the best society, he browses  
around in purple and fine linen and other  
good clothes, and enjoys himself first rate.  
And often now he takes his infant son on  
his knee, and tells him of his early life,  
and instils holy principles into the child's  
mind, and shows him how, by industry  
and perseverance, and frugality, and nitro-  
glycerine, and monkey-wrenches, and  
cross-cut saws, and familiarity with the  
detective system, even the poor may rise  
to affluence and responsibility.—MARK  
TWIN.

#### **Sentenced to Death.**

It would be a terrible thing to think  
that men could actually be glad that a fel-  
low creature is condemned to death, but  
we believe that the sentence of death pass-  
ed on Edward Stokes for the murder of  
James Fisk, jr., on the 6th instant, will  
meet with general approbation; and there  
will be a feeling of satisfaction, at least in  
New York that the dignity of the law is for  
once to be upheld. The record of New  
York for last year is a fearful one, 57  
homicides, and no one punished, and the  
fate of Stokes will probably cause a re-  
vulsion in public feeling and we expect to  
see many more convictions in the present  
year. No one who has read the evidence  
can doubt that Stokes willfully murdered  
Fisk, and that the sentence of death is a  
just one; and while commiserating deeply  
with the unfortunate young man whose  
own rash act has so suddenly cut short  
his career, we cannot but express our  
satisfaction that there appears a possi-  
bility of law and order once more reign-  
ing in New York, and of lawlessness and  
ruffianism meeting their due rewards.

#### **The Death Roll.**

The report of the coroners of the City  
of New York presents some curious fea-  
tures; from it we learn that there were  
57 cases of homicide, 140 of suicide, 209  
of sunstroke, 735 accidental deaths, 206  
bodies found floating in the river during  
the year 1872. The murder record is ter-  
ribly high, being more than one a week,  
besides which it is fair to suppose that a  
large percentage of the bodies found in  
the river—perhaps one half—were mur-  
ders no trace of the perpetrators of which  
has ever been found. The number of  
homicides exceeds that of the previous  
year by 15; and in view of this increase  
it is well to note that no execution took  
place in the city of New York during the  
year, and that 30 murderers now await  
trial in the Tombs prison. The increase  
of crime in New York during the past  
four or five years has been terrible, and  
unless the verdict in the Stokes case has  
a salutary effect, as we hope it will, we  
fear New York will drift into such a  
state of lawlessness that the dangerous  
remedy of a Vigilance Committee will  
have to be resorted to. The administration  
of justice has been so lax, and bribery and  
corruption so notorious, that all confi-  
dence in the power of the law seems to  
have been lost, and people have been  
pretty freely taking the law into their  
own hands. We hope now that one ex-  
ample has been made a better state of  
things will ensue.

#### **Lord Nelson.**

Human nature is very frail. No man  
ever had a stronger sense of it under the  
influence of a sense of justice than Lord  
Nelson. He was loth to inflict punish-  
ment; and when he was obliged, as he  
called it, "to endure the torture of seeing  
men flogged," he came out of his cabin  
with a hurried step, ran into the gangway,  
made his bow to the General, and, reading  
the articles of war, that the culprit had in-  
fringed, said, "Boatswain, do your duty."  
The lash was instantly applied, and con-  
sequently the sufferer exclaimed, "Forgive  
me, Admiral, forgive me!" On such an  
occasion, Lord Nelson would look round  
with wild anxiety, he would say, "What!  
none of you speak for him! Avast! cast  
him off!" And then add, to the suffering  
culprit, "Jack, in the day of battle, re-  
member me," and he became a good fel-  
low in future.

A poor man was about to be flogged—a  
landman,—and few pitied him. His of-  
fence was drunkenness. As he was being  
tied up, a lovely girl, contrary to all rules,  
rushed through the officers, and, falling  
on her knees, clasped Nelson's hand, in  
which were the articles of war, exclaiming,  
—“Pray forgive him, your Honor, and he  
shall never offend again.” “Your face,”  
said Nelson, “is a security for his good be-  
haviour. Let him go; the fellow cannot  
be bad who has such a lovely creature in  
his care.” The man rose to be a Lieuten-  
ant; his name was Wm. Rye.

**What Men Know of Women.**  
Men always believe that they under-  
stand women. There is nothing a man

generally prides himself on more. He  
knows when a woman is trying to catch  
him, and is flattering him, and all that;  
but when she says: "There's nobody  
whose judgment I rely on as I do on yours  
you are so sensible, and so kind;" and  
when she takes him into a little back  
room where the *tete-a-tete* is and tells him  
all her troubles, and asks him how, if she  
respects a gentleman, but doesn't love  
him, and she can't love Mr. Sproogles,  
"how she shall keep him from propos-  
ing"—then he knows that she is an ap-  
preciative little woman, with no art in  
her.

When, with the most bewitching little  
velvet cloak—price two hundred dollars  
—on her shoulders, she declares that she  
didn't care how she looked and just  
wrapped up well, he knows she has no  
vanity. When she rushes up to her dear  
friend Felicia, and kissing her on the  
cheek, declares that she is so sorry to see  
her looking so pale, and that she'd like  
to kill the dress maker for fitting her  
dress so badly, he knows that she is am-  
able—so amiable! And when, after six  
months of regular calls and constant at-  
tention, she replies to his offer—"Oh, I  
am so taken by surprise! I thought you  
only a friend. I'm engaged to Mr.  
Sproogles"—he thinks her a dear, artless  
soul, and goes away sorrowing.

#### **A Word about Word-Tinkers.**

When the notorious etymologist—  
Ruloff the murderer—was hanged last  
year, we think not a few secret regrets  
were felt that more of them were not put  
to the same use.

Not but etymology is well enough in its  
place. Words, like people, have their an-  
cestors and family connections, and to  
trace out their relationship is often a  
pleasing, and not always a profitless em-  
ployment. But save us from the man  
who makes a mission of finding a father  
for every verbal waif that comes in his  
way, even if it have to be adopted out.

Consulting a treatise on the law of in-  
surance lately, we noticed a batch of  
pages devoted to the origin of the word  
"policy;" and after ransacking the nooks  
and crannies of half a dozen living langu-  
ages, and violating the graves of several  
dead ones, where do you think the author  
found it? You would hardly guess. Why  
of all the places in the world, in the Latin  
*pollex*, a thumb, because, forsooth, the  
thumb is, or was anciently, the instrument  
used in affixing seals to documents;  
Doubtless the same ingenious writer  
could, if he tried, give equally good rea-  
sons for deriving equity from *equus*, a  
horse, and honesty from *onus*, an ass.

We wanted to read no more in that  
book. Yet it affords but a fair sample  
of the way in which reckless verbal gen-  
ealogists, in defiance of sense, sound and  
spelling, will invent a spurious kinship  
between words related neither by consan-  
guinity or affinity.

Still more insufferable are the verbal  
*false coiners*, ever on the watch to put off  
some base product of their own in lieu of  
the lawful currency of speech. We had  
more than one example of this during the  
recent horse malady. When nearly the  
whole adult equine population was afflicted  
with influenza, and all the colts had  
croup, and while sympathetic people  
everywhere were kindly advising remedi-  
es, some recommending to put the patients'  
feet in hot water, and others to  
swathe their throats in red flannel, far  
different was the occupation of the word-  
tinkers. While hundreds of the afflicted  
brutes—peace to their manes—were suc-  
cumbing daily, and columns of the morn-  
ing papers were filled with their obituaries,  
these critical, or *hippo-critical* gentry,  
spent their time in coining names for the  
disorder. And when at last *Epiphagic*  
and *Epizootic*, after much research, were  
hit upon, was any man or beast the better  
or wiser? At least the horses, we opine,  
would answer *nigh*.

*Epiphatic* is it when donkeys die of it, as  
did that poor little fellow we used to see  
going about the streets tugging a peanut  
cart? Poor little donkey!—he resembled  
so much a certain judicial luminary we  
knew once—not in New York, of course  
—that we never passed him without feel-  
ing an involuntary impulse to raise our  
hat.

Green grow the thistles over him!

"Pray, sir, of what profession are you?"  
asked Mr. Edwin James of a witness who  
had come prepared to prove a fact, and  
who was deemed not very respectable.  
"Sir, I am a shoemaker and a wine mer-  
chant." "A what, sir?" said the learned  
counsel. "A wine merchant and shoe-  
maker." "Then," said Mr. James, "I  
may describe you as a sherry cobbler."

A physician, on presenting his bill to  
the executor of the estate of a deceased  
patient, asked, "Do you wish to have my  
bill sworn to?" "No," replied the ex-  
ecutor; "the death of the deceased is suf-  
ficient evidence that you attended him  
professionally."

Floods in Italy. A correspondent of the "Daily News" gives a sad account of the suffering caused by the floods in Italy. Near Revere a huge gap had been formed in the embankment of the Po, and the water was rushing through like a cataract and doing great damage. An attempt had been made to fill up this gap, and 750 metres out of a total of 800 metres had been completed, when the head engineer ordered the workmen to abandon the undertaking. The Po had been gradually rising, and ten minutes after the men left their work the water rushed over the new barrier opposed to its progress, and in an hour not a trace of that barrier could be seen. At Sernide the people seemed overwhelmed by despair. Fugitives from the inundated districts were crowded into the houses and typhus and small-pox were making frightful ravages. Just outside one of the churches the dead had been buried, the cemetery being under water. In a temporary hospital, the regular hospital being flooded, there were forty patients suffering from virulent small-pox and typhus, with but six mattresses, ten pillows, and a few scant coverlets among them.

Resignation of Bismarck. The German Emperor has formally accepted Prince Bismarck's resignation of the Prussian Ministry of State. His Majesty has addressed to the Prince an Imperial rescript, dated the 21st ult., in which he says:—"In compliance with the application contained in your report of the 20th ult., I hereby relieve you from the Presidency of the State Ministry. You will continue to confer with me on the affairs of the Empire and its foreign policy, and will, in case of being prevented from appearing personally at a sitting of the Ministry of State, be authorized on your own responsibility to give your vote on matters concerning the interests of the Empire through the President of the Imperial Chancellery, Herr von Delbruck. The Presidency of the Cabinet devolves upon the senior Minister of State."

A Ghost-Seeker. A remarkable instance of personal bravery was brought under the notice of the magistrat at Marlborough-street police court recently. "A tall and respectable-looking man" was charged with being drunk and disorderly. It appeared from the evidence of a police-constable that on the previous night, when on duty in Berkeley-square, he observed the prisoner ring the door bell at a house. On asking him what he wanted, he said he had been told the house was haunted, and he wanted to see for himself whether it was so or not. The prisoner, being called upon for his defence, denied the charge of drunkenness altogether. He was heard, perfectly sensible, but having heard reports that the house in question was infested by ghosts, he took the liberty to ring the bell with the view of making inquiry as to the facts. It is impossible not to admire the boldness of a man who believing a house to be haunted actually rings at the door-bell in the dead of the night, taking the chance of the door being opened by a liveried apparition or something else equally disagreeable. The magistrate however, fined the ghost-seeker ten shillings, and it is perhaps as well that he received this gentle hint not to carry on his spiritual investigations at unseemly hours; for the ghost in the house is of itself quite enough nuisance to the other inhabitants of the dwelling, without their being disturbed at all hours by people anxious to be introduced to the mysterious stranger.

A Truthful Allegory. A traveller was pursued by a unicorn. In his affright he fell, and, as a fallen man, caught at whatever was in his way, he caught the branches of a tree. He looked before himself, and saw a fearful precipice. He looked back and saw the unicorn ready to destroy him. He looked again before and saw a hideous dragon, with jaws ready to receive him. He looked at the roots of the tree, and saw two rats, one white, the other black, knowing alternately at them. He looked among the branches of the tree, and saw it filled with poisonous asp, ready to sting him; but from their lips dropped honey. Regardless of surrounding danger, he caught the honey, ate it, and perished. O man! see here thyself! the tree is life; the unicorn is death; the precipice, eternity; the dragon, the destroyer; the rats, day and night, numbering the hours of thy stay on earth; the asps, thy own bad passion; the honey, pleasure, of which thou partakest to thy eternal ruin.

Americans in Paris. One of the citizens of the American republic, says the "Court Journal," got into difficulties at the Cafe de la Paix lately. With the graceful, free-and-easy custom of the Americans, he carefully diffused his person upon a couple of chairs, reclining his heels upon a table

and ordered his cooling drink in a peremptory tone, which elicited a brisk remonstrance from the "garcon." The American citizen felt himself bound to avenge the national honor, outraged by a mean waiter, and drew forth a revolver from his pocket and levelled it at the "garcon's" head. The weapon was wrested from his grasp by some people at the next table, and the Yankee was consigned to custody, whence he was released after a short incarceration. A lady of the same nationality, discovering a half-caste girl seated near her at the 'table d'hotel, of the Hotel du Louvre, simply ordered the waiter to "turn out that nigger." The fawn-coloured young lady, who was "black, yet comely," coloured even through her swarthy skin. She rose to move, but the 'garcon' informed the fair American lady that her request could not be complied with; whereat she summoned her brood around her, and sailed majestically out of the room, declaring that she would not reside in an hotel where she was exposed to the contamination of a colored person at the same table as herself.

Germany. The German government is now considering the claims of the various German States to share in the captures made from the French during the late war. Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg have already been put in possession of the trophies which were won by their armies in the field, but the booty given up at capitulations has not yet been distributed. At Sedan the French destroyed all their military insignia except an eagle, which was found in a ditch, so that the booty to be divided consists only of guns and the arms and ammunition of the French troops. As the Bavarian army and the Saxon corps d'armee took part in this battle, they claim a share in the spoil. The only corps which could put forward a claim to divide the spoils of Metz with Prussia is the Hessian division, which has since been amalgamated with the Prussian army. The same is the case with the Baden corps, which fought at Strasburg. The Mecklenburgers, who were engaged at Toul, might claim the eagle of the Mables and the flag of a dragoon regiment which were given up at the capitulation of that town; but they, too, have been incorporated with the Prussian army. At the capitulation of Paris, 1,912 guns, but no flags, were given up to the German Troops, and a portion of these are claimed by the Bavarians, Saxons, and Wurtembergers.

HARBOR GRACE.

HARBOR GRACE, JANUARY 28, 1873. We learn that the Legislature will meet for the despatch of business on Friday next.

No clue as yet having been obtained to convict any one of the recent cash robbery, placards have to-day been posted about town offering a reward of £100 for information that will lead to the apprehension and conviction of the guilty party. It is to be hoped that the affair may soon be bereft of the mystery that clings to it.

We deem it necessary to call the attention of the "powers that be"—and whose duty it is not to shirk duty—to the miserable condition of the road, off the head of Harvey Street, known as Kitchen's Hill. The floods caused by recent soft weather have so destroyed the road in question, as to render it quite impassable for either man or beast. Such a state of affairs should not be suffered to exist, as parties residing in that locality are greatly inconvenienced thereby. It will be well to give the matter immediate attention.

THE "Ledger" of Saturday says:—"A Cable telegram on Wednesday announced that the Allan Company had accepted and signed the contract for the new Newfoundland mail service."

THE congregation of the Wesleyan Church here, through their trustees, have just made arrangements with Mr. Greenwood, travelling agent of T. F. Roome, Esq., Church and Chamber Organ Builder, Toronto, for the purchase of a first-class organ. The instrument is said to be one of the finest made, and the reputation of the Roome Manufacture standing high, we doubt not but that it will come up to expectation, and be found in every way suitable for the Church. For the reception of the organ several alterations will be necessary, as we understand it is to be erected where the present pulpit stands. The organ is to be an embodiment of all the recent improvements in tone and finish. In compass it will range from C.C. to F., having twelve stops, and in all three hundred and forty-one pipes;

and will take up considerable space, being of the following dimensions:—Height, thirteen feet; depth, six and a half feet, and frontage, nine and a half feet.

The cost of the instrument is \$700 or £175, and is to be delivered and fitted up here by the builder about the first of July next.

From the "New York" Herald of the 7th inst., we take the following sentence passed by Judge Boardman on the unfortunate Edward S. Stokes for the murder of James Fisk, jr. The Judge, it would seem, appeared deeply conscious of the solemnity of the occasion. He is said to have entered the Court on the fatal morning, with a countenance denoting extreme sadness. The culprit listened to the sentence with that indifference peculiar to one whose heart is steeled to sensibility, and was immediately after conveyed to the Tombs, from which he will be taken on the 28th of February, to expiate the awful crime for which he has been convicted.

Edward S. Stokes, you have been defended by the most eminent counsel, with extreme skill and devotion. You have been supported and strengthened by the sympathies of loving relatives and ardent friends. All that wealth, affection and luxury could do for you has been cheerfully and well done. A jury, carefully selected, of intelligent, upright gentlemen, have listened patiently, and kindly to your account of the most terrible act, as well as to the other evidence put in your behalf, and they have found you guilty of murder in the first degree—the highest crime known to our law—in having caused the death of James Fisk, Jr., one year ago to-day. This verdict was a wrong from their judgment—not prompted by their hearts. I am certain to do each juror but justice in saying and assuring you that his concurrence in this verdict was the most painful act of his life. The result is not the fruit of unkindness to you, but a just respect for and obedience to the law and to the evi nce in the case, even upon your own testimony. I am constrained to say that all the evidence sustains their conclusions and justifies their verdict. I am not conscious, so far as I am personally concerned, that I have urged the law in any respect against you. During the progress of the trial I have endeavored in all cases of doubt to give you the benefit of such doubt. To me remains the painful duty of pronouncing the judgement of the law, not alone as the punishment of your crime, but also that by your example others may take warning. I am sad at your unhappy fate, so young, so attractive in person, with so many fountains of joy yet untasted; still greater my sorrow to witness the unmerited disgrace you have brought upon your family and friends, for your disgrace is reflected upon them, who are pure—your honor, un-justly, it is true, but inevitably, stains their truth and virtue. It is a frightful legacy to leave after you—a spectre that death alone can vanquish. It were idle for me, if it were proper, to trace the path of immo nence to crime, to tell the tale of appetites unrestrained, of passionate, vindictive and unbridled. I cannot do it. Let the time which the law gives you be devoted to reflect on the past, to repentance of your sins and in preparation for that great change so fearfully near to you. Do not delude yourself with uncertain hopes of pardon or clemency. Edward S. Stokes, in obedience to the requirements of the law, this Court orders and directs that you be taken hence in the custody of the Sheriff of the city and county of New York to the prison from whence you came, and that you be there confined in close custody by said Sheriff till the 23rd day of February, 1873, and that upon that day between the hours of eleven in the morning and three in the afternoon you be hanged by the neck till you be dead, and may God have mercy on your soul.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

The Seal Killer's Song.

The seals! the seals! the beautiful seals! We long with delight their furs to feel; Catching them, Killing them, All on the ice,

With skill and art, dexterity nice, 'Tis all for our good, our country's weal, We catch the seal—the beautiful seal! The seal! the seal! the gold-giving seal! That brings one and all a hearty meal. Earnestly, Verily, We are quite glad;

There's scores in sight, and all to be had, So work must we, and evey death deal To the seal! the seal! the lovely seal! The innocent seal! supporting seal! Filling our ship from deck to the keel, Gratiified, Satisfied, Despondency flees,

And now for home!—we wait for a breeze, Our thoughts with those who our absence feel, Waiting for us to bring them the seal, The seal! the seal! the plentiful seal! Drunk with delight, we almost reel, Buoyant, Jubilant, Happy are we,

Skimming the waves of the silv'ry sea With our load of seals, beautiful seals! Load of seals! inspiring seals! R. BROWN.

Jan. 25, 1873. Knowledge may increase sin if the heart be not educated as well as the head.



Latest Despatches.

OTTAWA, Jan 21. The Canadian Pacific Railroad Scheme is reported to have reached a stage that insures the early commencement of the work.

MONTREAL, 21. The Governor-General this afternoon visited the McGill University. The students drew his carriage by hand through the college grounds to the convocation Hall.

LONDON, 21. Prince Arthur arrived at Rome yesterday.

Onslow and Whalley, two members of the English Parliament, were fined £100 each for publicly accusing Sir John Lubbock of conspiracy to deprive the Tichborne claimant of his rights.

The London "Daily News" thinks that the lease of Samana Bay to an American company is not likely to give rise to any diplomatic complications.

The Swedish Diet was opened on Monday by the King, who, in his speech, expressed an earnest hope for the development of Scandinavian union.

The French and German boundary commission have ended their labors.

Garibaldi is suffering from Bronchitis.

Three Communists have escaped from Versailles prison.

Prince Napoleon, with his wife Clothild, visited Queen Victoria yesterday.

NEW YORK, 21. General Wheaton's command had a battle with the Modoc Indians on Friday, and after fighting all day in a fog was forced to retreat with the loss of 40 killed and wounded.

Gold and Exchange steady.

The counsel of Foster the Carhook murderer in New York failed in an appeal for a new trial, and he will be hanged.

PARIS, 24. It is a significant fact that the Orleans Princes on Tuesday, for the first time, attended Mass in commemoration of Louis Napoleon.

A Court Martial of Agiers condemned eight of Peleastro assassins to death, and twenty-seven to various terms of imprisonment. Three more condemned communists were shot at Paris, ten others are sentenced.

It is said that Eugenie and Prince Napoleon will be political guardians of the ex-Emperor's son.

New York, 22,—Gold 113 1/2.

LONDON 25. A despatch from Geneva says, Revd. Bower Pusey, the well-known English divine, is dangerously ill, in that city. His friends have been telegraphed for. The doctor is in his 73rd year.

The River Seine is again very high; another inundation is feared.

Masses for the repose of the soul of Napoleon were celebrated in a number of churches in Paris on Wednesday; crowds attended.

There is extensive emigration to America among German Colonists in Russia.

The emigrant ship 'Whitefleet,' from London for Australia, with nearly 500 passengers on board, was run into at midnight, off Dunbecness, by an unknown steamer and cut to the water's edge. Three hundred and twenty-one persons were drowned, including the captain; 89 were saved. The steamer passed on without offering assistance. She is believed to be a Portuguese steamer.

NEW YORK 25. Destruction of property in Maryland and Pennsylvania by floods, is immense. General Gordon has been elected as Senator from Geneva.

NEW YORK 23. Gold 113 1/2. A bill to construct ten new sloops of war has passed the Senate. A bill abolishing Franking privilege has been introduced.

Heavy snow storm raging to-day in the North West and predicted to-night over England.

Muscular Prussians.

Amongst the numerous reasons given for the wonderful success of the Prussians in the war was their superior physique over the French. Some recent statistics show that not only were the men who fought before Sedan physically superior to their antagonists, but they were also superior to the Prussians of the past. The men in the German army at Sedan averaged three inches round the chest more than the French, and two inches more than the Prussians who fought at Waterloo. This surprising increase in the physical power of the people is attributed, and probably with justice, to the fifty years of stringent military training enforced on the entire male population. Here is a powerful argument in favor of a compulsory military system.

A good wife is to a man wisdom, strength, and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness, and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision, and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance, and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He needs a tranquil mind; and especially if he is an intelligent man, with a whole head, he needs his moral force in the conflict of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his soul renews its strength, and goes forth with new vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, jealousy, and gloom, or assailed with complaints, and cure, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.

A new process for the instantaneous extinction of a conflagration is said to have been recently experimented with at Paris, and with entire success. M. de la Vierge, Montagne, chemical manufacturer, of Amiens, has, it appears, discovered a resinous substance which is quickly soluble in fest water. Such a solution, employed for the service of the ordinary fire engines, is stated to produce the following effects:—The water is prevented from conversion into steam by the heat, and thus effectually penetrates and wets the bodies on which it falls, avoiding all the ordinary phenomena of calcification in similar cases, by which the action of pure water is notably neutralized. Moreover, the resinous matter would appear to give rise to dense volumes of smoke, unfavorable to flames and combustion, or even ignition.

The banes of domestic life are littleness, vanity, vulgarity, harshness, scolding, vociferation, an incessant issuing of superfluous prohibitions and orders, which are regarded as imperinent interferences with the general liberty and repose, and are provocative of ranking or exploding sentiments. The blessed antidotes that sweeten and enrich domestic life are refinement, high aims, great interests, soft voices, quite and gentle manners, magnanimous tempers, forbearance from all unnecessary commands of dictation, and generous allowances of mutual freedom. Love makes obedience lighter than liberty. Man wears a no less allegiance, not as a collar but as a garland. The graces are never so lovely when seen waiting on the virtues; and, where they thus dwell together they make a heavenly home.

PLAYING games on the aged is not always productive of flattering results. An old gentleman who frequently comes in when we are busy to talk about theology and the planets, made his appearance the other day at the Danbury News office, when, assuming his blandest smile, the editor passed him a copy of the last report of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture. He was very much pleased with it. He looked it all over, and then turning to the beginning, commenced to read it aloud, and the editor hopes to be nominated for office if he didn't go clear through the volume, carefully and intelligently spelling the long words, and sitting between the editor and the door all the time.

In modern maritime warfare it is frequently very desirable to conceal from the enemy an approaching steam vessel, the difficulty of doing which is often enhanced by the smoke from the funnel, which generally can be seen over a great distance. A device for discharging the smoke under water, by means of a blowing machine, has been tried in the Austrian navy with most satisfactory results. Of course this dispenses with the smoke-stack entirely. It is said also to secure a more uniform consumption of fuel, and greatly to lessen the liability of fire.

It cost the 'Jubilee' folks at Boston \$3,500 to procure the big drum. A few days ago it was sold at auction for \$22.50 cents—not the cost of the pelts of the fifty and odd sheep used in its construction. At the same time the coliseum was sold under the hammer for \$10,000 which, it is said, is about one twentieth of its original cost. It will probably be some time before Boston has another Peace Jubilee. It cannot be said that all the souland fury of this demonstration signifies nothing. It represents a huge deficit in the financial accounts of a good many Bostonians.

The estimated wealth of the most eminent writers of France, all of whom started in life without anything, is as follows: Victor Hugo, 600,000f; George Sand, nearly twice as much; Emile de Girardin, 3,500,000f; Adolphe Thiers, 1,000,000f; Alexander Dumas, jr, 400,000f; E. mond About, 250,000f; Alphonse Karr, 100,000f; Jules Janin, 750,000f; Edouard Laboulaye, 100,000f; Victorien Sardou, 500,000f; Theophile Gautier died a millionaire and the widows of Scribe and Ponsard live in affluence. But the widow of the celebrated Proudhon has to eke out a precarious living as a washerwoman.

PLATING WITH ZINC.—According to Bottger, copper and brass may be given a firmly adherent coating of zinc; Finally divided zinc is placed in a non-metallic vessel and covered with a concentrated solution of sal-ammoniac. This is heated to boiling, and the articles of copper or brass, previously cleaned, are then introduced. A few minutes suffice to produce a firm and brilliant coating. The powdered zinc is prepared by first melting the zinc, and then pouring the molten metal into a mortar and triturating it until it solidifies.

Two more cured at Dr. quantity of dried tons, East Cliff, on of the pebbles on the beach completely named Shu house, and His life was forced by a boat twenty Clif turned (Shakespeare immediately station, wh the line of chalk again night.

The number and her d 674; that of that of lites 624. About one eighth of the third periodicals,

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On Nov. 23, harbor, the men by dow waterman's ship. The box by a sea and 27.

Yesterday Kennedy, Esq

SH PORT OF

Jan. 28—Mast Punter & M

Jan. 25—Salt fish—Punter 18—Minnie, G & Mun.

Two more heavy falls of cliff have occurred at Dover. On the 13th ult., a large quantity of chalk, estimated at two hundred tons, became detached from the scene of the previous accident...

The number of book sellers in France and her dependencies is returned at 5, 674; that of printing offices, at 1,399; and that of lithographic establishments, at 1,624.

It is a curious fact with regard to the Presidents of the United States who have been elected to fill a second term of office...

Riches are not among the number of things that are good. It is not poverty that causes sorrow, but covetous desires.

To "Extinguish Fires.—The mephitic vapor produced by throwing a handful of flowers of sulphur on the burning coals...

The iron mountains of Missouri, it is calculated, contain enough ore above the surface to yield one million tons a year...

Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, has, it is stated, found among the Assyrian records, an account of a deluge similar to that recorded in Genesis.

A CUT lemon kept on the wash stand, and rubbed over the hands daily, after washing, and not wiped off for some minutes, is an excellent remedy for chapped hands.

HARMLESS mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; therefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

JOSH BILLINGS says that "trying to define love is like trying to tell how you know the ice is thin when you know about it, you fell in and got 'ducked'."

A report has appeared in some of the papers that Cardinal Cullen and Archbishop Manning are not unlikely to be sworn respectively of the Irish and English Privy Council.

The Prussian Government has ordered that the Catholic religious instruction in the higher schools of the province of Posen is to be given from Easter next in German and not in Polish as heretofore.

The steam screw troop-ship Himalaya from Portsmouth, twenty-three days out, bound to Halifax and Bermuda, arrived at this port on Sunday morning...

On Nov. 23rd, while lying in Devonport harbor, the Himalaya lost eight of her men by drowning. They had hired a waterman's boat to go on board their ship.

BIRTH. Yesterday morning the wife of C. L. Kennedy, Esq., of a son.

SHIP NEWS. PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.

ENTERED. Jan. 28—Mastiff, Pike, Cow Bay, coals—Punton & Munn.

CLEARED. Jan. 25—Salario, McLeod, Pernambuco, fish—Punton & Munn.

PORT OF ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED. 23—Tiger, (ss.) Hagan, Halifax, W. Grieve & Co. 24—Mercade, LeBuff, Pernambuco, W. Grieve & Co.

LOADING. Jan. 14—Britannia, Europe, P. & L. Tessier. Onetion, Europe, P. & L. Tessier.

NOTICE. ON behalf of the Trustees of the Wesleyan Church in this town, we beg to tender our thanks to the Ladies of the Congregation...

TO THE INHABITANTS OF HARBOR GRACE BRICUS & Co. PIANO AND Melodeon TUNING.

Mr. GREENWOOD, Organ Builders, of Toronto, who is now in town, will be glad to receive Orders for the above.

MONEY! PARTIES having MONEY TO LOAN on security of FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situated in Water Street, Harbor Grace...

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND. A DIVIDEND on the capital stock of this company, at the rate of ten per cent per annum...

J. Mellis, TAILOR & CLOTHIER, 208, Water Street, St. John's.

CLOTHING For all seasons of the year, which can be obtained at the LOWEST remunerative PRICES.

CLOTHING For all seasons of the year, which can be obtained at the LOWEST remunerative PRICES. All clothing to order, cut in the most fashionable styles...

PARSONS' Purgative Pills. W. H. THOMPSON, AGENT FOR.

NOTICE.

PIANO TUNING! Mr. J. CURRIE, TUNER AND REPAIRER OF PIANOS.

IN returning thanks for past favours, I beg respectfully to solicit a continuance of the same. All work executed punctually, and satisfaction guaranteed.

CONCERTINAS also repaired. Orders left at No. 170 Water Street will receive immediate attention.

BLACKSMITH & FARRIER. DEGS respectfully to acquaint his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he is EVER READY to give entire satisfaction...

CAUTION! HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that, after this date, I will not be responsible for any Debts contracted in my name, without a Written Order from myself.

FOR SALE! 1 Good Horse, 1 Set Harness, 1 Cart, 1 Dray, and 1 Catamaran.

A Dwelling House. Attached, (known under the name of "Snow Hill") situated on the Carbonear Road, one mile from Harbor Grace.

SEALER'S AGREEMENTS FOR SALE at the Office of this paper.



General Post Office Notice. FROM and after the 1st day of November the Postage Rates on Letters, Books, Parcels, Circulars and Newspapers...

W. H. THOMPSON, AGENT FOR. JOHN DELANEY, P. M. G. AGENT FOR.

NOTICES.

HARBOR GRACE MEDICAL HALL. W. H. THOMPSON, PROPRIETOR.

HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK OF Drugs, Medicines, Dry Paints, Oils, &c., &c. And nearly every article in his line that is recommendable.

LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT, COMMISSION AGENTS. PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE and PURCHASE OF DRY & PICKLED FISH.

FOR SALE. THE SUBSCRIBER, 231 Water Street, 31 BREAD.

INDIAN SALVE. W. H. THOMPSON. JUST RECEIVED A FRESH SUPPLY OF ADAMS' INDIAN SALVE.

BLANK FORMS Executed with NEATNESS and DESPATCH at the Office of this Paper.

FOR SALE. LUMBER! H. W. TRAPNELL. Now landing, ex "Atalanta," from Port Medway, N. S.:

20 M. Seasoned Prime Pine BOARD. 20 do. Hemlock do. 30 do. No. 2 Pine do.

E. W. LYON. Has just received a large assortment of Coloured French Kid GLOVES.

W. H. THOMPSON, AGENT FOR. Felows' Compound Syrup OF HYPOPHOSPHITES.

man wisdom, ad one is con- air. No con- an where the- ion, and econ- ard propiety- nce, extrava- No spirit can- re. Man is adamant. He le pe ally if- a whole- l force in the- his composit- ace and com- or to encount- of lie. But if- and is there- jealously, and mp'aints, and he sinks into- instantaneous on is said to- mented with- cess. M. de- al manufactur- es, discovered- is quickly sol- ch a solution, f the ordinary- to lucc the fol- is prevented- n by the heat,- rates and wets- g, avoiding all- calefact'n in- action of pure- d. Moreover,- appear to give- nke, unfavor- tion, or even- are littleness- of, scolding- viding of super-- vices, which are- interferences- d repose, and- ng or exploding- anti to es that- ic life are ref- interests, soft- nners, magna- e from all un- dication, and- tual freedom- ter than li'er- egience, not as- The graces are- en waiting on- ey thus dwell- only home.- ged is not al- z results. An- nly comes in- about theology- appearance the- News office,- est smile, the- of the last re- ard of Agricul- leased with it.- then tuning- eed to read it- s to be nomi- nclear through- l intelligently- nd sitting be- e door all the- ure it is fe- conceal from- e steam vessel,- ch is often en- n the funnel,- n over a great- charging the- ons of a flow- d in the Aus- factory results.- ith the smoke- also to secure- n of fuel, and- ty of fire.- olks at Boston- drum. A few- tion for \$22.50- e pelts of the- its construc- ion coliseum was- \$10,000 which- venth of its- bably be some- another Peace- d that all the- monstration sig- ents a huge de- ents of a good- t the most emi- of whom stat- g, is as follows:- George Sand,- sile de Girardin,- srs, 1,000,000f,- 0,000f; Edmond- use Karr, 100,- 0f; Edouard La- ren Sardon, 500,- died a million- rbe and Pon- ut the widow of- has to eke out- usherwoman.- oording to Bott- may be given a- of zinc; Finally- a non-metallic- a concentrated- This is heated- es of copper or- , are then intro- uduce to produce- ng. The pow- first melting the- he molten metal- ating it until it

The Father and Mother's Wish.

That song is very beautiful, Full of life, love and light; But, ah, we would not, cannot have You sing it thus to night, For 'twas your sister's favourite, And daughter, as you know, She left us, by the angels led, This night a year ago.

We must not hear: it only makes Us weep when we should not. Content that she has Heaven now Instead of mortal lot— That Heaven where she sweetly waits In endless angel worth, And ready with songs for us learned, Too glorious for earth.

Yet, daughter, do not silent be: As at her last request, Sing the same hymn you sang when she Smiled into sacred rest, Her little hands clasped in our own, A soft peace on her brow, And whispering with her last, dear breath, "I see the angels now!"

How Could I?

He carried my satchel to school, And me through the drifts carried, too, Could I think why he hugged me so close, If I couldn't, how could I, could you?

At eve he tied under my chin My hood with its bright ribbons blue. Why he gazed in my face could I tell? If I couldn't, how could I, could you?

He left on my cheek a warm kiss, Then off with lightning speed flew; If I could, I'd have stamped and scolded, If I couldn't, how could I, could you?

He told me my eyes were so black, The brightest of any he knew. I blushed and looked down; could I help it? If I couldn't how could I, could you?

'Twas long years ago, and since then He has spoken words loving and true. I only leaned close to his breast, For how could I help it? Could you?

SELECT STORY.

MABEL VANE;

OR

THE DOUBLE SECRET.

[CONCLUDED.]

Well, he said, what are you to Mabel Vane? Why should you carry this so carefully? Do you not know that she is dead?

Dead, said Mignon, shuddering. That cannot be. Tell me why you think so, and what you know of her.

Richard then told her all relating to his brother's death, and subsequent events; as he finished, she laid her hand upon his arm, and said—

How kind and good you are! He raised her little hand to his lips, and kissed it, and she did not resist.

Perhaps it was not Mabel Vane whom you buried in that far-off grave. Perhaps she escaped.

No, that cannot be, for I made diligent search and could find no other trace of her.

He then told Mignon how he would have cared for Mabel, and what Louis had hinted at in his letter—that perhaps Richard might some day learn to love his bride as he had loved her.

But I have learned to love some one at last, and I hope I have not loved in vain. Have I, Mignon?

Wait a moment; I am not Mignon, Richard, she said. I am not what I seem; I am Mabel Vane.

Mabel Vane! exclaimed Richard. Can it be that you are she whom I thought dead all these years?

Yes, she replied, it is true. Thank heaven! he exclaimed, catching her to his heart. And do you love me for Louis's sake? Will you not—

Yes, she whispered, for his sake and for your own.

Once more he clasped her in his arms, and pressed kisses upon her lips and brow. Then, releasing her, he said—

Tell me Mabel, of your escape. You are aware that I was on the train which met with the accident, she said. Terror robbed me of consciousness. When I recovered, I found myself in the house of a kind lady who lived near the scene of the disaster. There I remained for three days, until I felt strong enough to travel, although I did not know where to go, for I could not bear to go back to the house where I had spent so many happy days with Louis. I had then in my pocket a letter addressed to your Aunt Hartly, which Louis had given me, in case your mother would not make me welcome if

he should be taken away before our marriage was acknowledged. Something impelled me to seek her home. I offered to pay my kind friends for their trouble, but they would accept nothing but my thanks. Your aunt received me cordially, and, after reading the letter, embraced me, and sent word to my old friend in the city, but received no answer, and, when we were about to leave our native land, I called to see her; but the house was vacant, and she had gone, no one knew where. You know the rest—how aunt and I have travelled over Europe, and finally settled in the villa we are now living in.

Why did you not tell my mother? You might have known that, although she is very proud, she is not hard-hearted.

I was afraid she might not believe me. But dear Aunt Henrietta has been all that a mother could be. I was but a child when I came to her.

And now you have blossomed into a beautiful woman.

Mabel blushed, and would have spoken; but, at that moment, they heard Grace calling to them. Mabel turned to them and said—

Do not tell them yet.

Mark and Grace saw that something unusual had taken place, and smiled knowingly at each other.

Come, said Mark, I think we had better go home.

They descended the hill, and, after making the necessary preparations, turned their faces homeward.

That evening, Richard was closeted with his mother and Aunt Hartly for some time. Afterward, when Mrs. Hartly left the room, she approached Mabel, and, folding her in her arms, said—

My daughter! Doubly my daughter now!

Richard then explained all to Mark and Grace, and they gladly welcomed Mabel as their sister.

Once again the sun shines on our party on their own native land; once again the pure roses bloom around the Hartly mansion; but now, all within its joy and happiness, for Richard Hartly has returned, bringing with him his beautiful bride; and Richard's mother looks younger and happier than she has looked for years.

Aunt Hartly, Grace, and Mark are there, and the house is filled with a gay throng of friends, while music and mirth fill the rooms.

To none but Mark and Grace has the secret of Louis Hartly's marriage been told. The world only knows that Richard married Aunt Hartly's lovely niece in Italy, and that they appear perfectly happy in each other's love.

As the day begins to wane, and the sun takes its course to the west, Richard and Mabel steal away from the gay party. Mabel leans on her husband's arm, and they walk down the hill; they are going to visit the grave of Louis.

Grace has promised to entertain the guests, so that their absence will not be noticed.

In a short time they stand by the grave over which both have wept in years gone by; they talk earnestly and sadly of Louis, and Mabel, taking a beautiful bouquet that Richard has carried with him, placed it on the grave.

If his spirit looks down upon us now, I know that he will be happy, for I have accomplished his dying wish, and only feel that I am too happy in what would never have been mine, but for his death, said Richard. But God orders all things for the best, and I hope that Louis is far happier now than he could ever have been in this world.

They then kneel by the grave, and, after a few moments, walk slowly from the place. As they reach the house, they turn once more to look around. They stand, hand joined in hand, heart joined to heart, gazing at the sun, that is now setting, in all its splendor of crimson, purple and gold, behind the distant hills.

But thus we will leave them, hoping that they may go down the vale of life together in perfect love and trust, and that their sun may set in peace and glory as they turn their faces toward their eternal home.

The Wilbury Ghost Story.

The Rev. Dr. Doubtnot sat in his study preparing his sermon for the next morning, when some one tapped at the door, and when he cried, come in, opened it half an inch, and said:

Some gentlemen on particular business, sir.

Show them in, Jane, said the doctor, and the next moment six young men, very young most of them, entered in single file and bowed low, staring at the doctor meanwhile as people stare at curiosities in museums.

Good-afternoon, gentlemen, said the doctor. Glad to see you. Be seated.

The gentlemen bowed and sat down. The doctor noticed that one or two of them looked curiously out into the garden, through the long French window of

the study, as they settled into their chairs.

Then all looked at one pale young man in a white neck-tie, and he on the instant turned very red, and became cross-eyed, and pigeon-toed and round-shouldered, in an apparent effort to hide himself within himself, after the manner of very young men who, having joyously undertaken a prominent and public part, find that their hour has come, and people are ready for them.

The doctor was used to young clergymen, and young lecturers, and young graduates. He, so to speak, sniffed a speech from afar. He smiled blandly, crossed his legs, and looked toward the young man with a sort of encouraging inclination of his head, and was nowise astonished to see a rool of manuscript emerge from the breast of his visitor's coat, as he arose to his feet, nor to hear him begin, in a choked and husky voice, in this wise:

"REVEREND AND RESPECTED SIR: You see before you the representatives of the Scientific Club of Wilbury, a body of men who would dare and suffer contumely and torture in the cause of truth.

"We know, as all great thinkers must, that the pioneers of any great cause must be reviled. We are willing to be the laughing stock of any ignorant scoffers who cling to old beliefs, as those strange things which divide the borders of animal and vegetable life cling to the wave-washed rocks. Onward is our motto. Excelsior is our watchword."

"What can the young man be driving at?" asked the doctor of himself.

"Far be it from us," continued the reader, warming up, getting his voice, and strengthening himself by degrees, as the 'stage fright' wore away—"far be it from us, Reverend Sir, to reject, in the absurd pride of our own poor wisdom, facts attested by one whom we respect so highly as we respect you. Your testimony—the testimony of one who is the pride of all who know him—who is acknowledged to be an authority in Theology and in Science, before whom all must bow—must indeed be accepted by all. We humbler neophytes timidly present ourselves before you to learn, and not to doubt. 'There are more mysteries in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' William Shakespeare."

"I never have been so be-vildered," said Dr. Doubtnot to himself—"never."

The young man read on:

"While it is popularly supposed to be a mark of wisdom to ridicule the belief that departed spirits can revisit this earth, still there have been in all ages men of erudition who believed it possible. We could instance many cases, but will content ourselves with simply alluding to the fact, which somewhat subdued our surprise when we learnt that you were added to the number. And we are here to-day to beg you, in the name of our devotion to the truth, to give your experience with those strange visitants from other spheres to our club, at its next Wednesday evening meeting, in the form of a discourse or lecture.

"Humbly hoping you will grant us the favor, we remain, Reverend Sir, yours, most respectfully,

"THE WILBURY SCIENTIFIC CLUB."

Gracious goodness! said the doctor to himself. What does it all mean?

Having finished this paper, the reader plumped himself into his chair again, wiped his forehead, and waited.

The doctor arose and looked at him mildly.

Gentlemen, he said, I can see that you intend me a compliment, but I don't understand exactly. You wish me to lecture?

Yes, sir, said the reader, that is our desire. You see, we've heard about those appearances, and we'd like to know more.

Appearances? asked the doctor, more mildly yet.

If you'll excuse the vulgar term, the ghosts, sir—those you've seen, sir. That's the up and down of it, sir, said the member, with a growing color in his face as he watched the astonished doctor.

But, replied the doctor, glad as I should be to oblige you, I never saw any ghosts.

The Committee of the Scientific Club stared at one another.

It's all over town that you did, said one.

In your own words, sir, said another. A very great mistake, gentlemen, said Dr. Doubtnot. Pray let me hear the story.

The Committee were silent.

Here a young man of braver mould than the rest arose from his seat.

Professor Tompkins told us, said he. His wife told him. Why, the whole place knows it. We supposed that you had interviews with spectres; I mean to say spectres; no, I don't—spectres regularly.

Oh, said the doctor, that's why the little boys have been so thick about my gate of evenings. That's why Madge Mahoney told me to suit myself with a new cook. Ah, dear me! Well, it is without foundation, gentlemen. But I will meet you on Wednesday, and having investigated the story, explain how it arose. I owe that duty to myself. I've never seen a ghost, nor do I expect to.

Good-day, gentlemen.

The gentlemen departed crest-fallen. The doctor took his hat and cane and

went straight to Professor Tompkins, who had heard his story from his wife, who had heard hers from Aunt Green, who had heard hers from Mrs. Black, who had heard hers from Mrs. Bell, who had heard hers from Mrs. Chatter, who had been told the facts of the case by Dr. Doubtnot himself, who had quite forgotten the conversation.

We will omit the How-d'ye-do's? and preliminaries, and give the stories as the doctor learnt them.

This is what Professor Tompkins said to the member of the Scientific Club of Wilbury.

My dear Digby, you don't take me for a man who could swallow any silly old woman's story. I'm not so easily imposed upon as you are aware; but I know whom to trust; and when my excellent friend Doctor Doubtnot tells people that he is in constant communication with the spirit of departed persons, I am bound to believe him. So are you, sir—so are you. Remember last Sunday's sermon. No screw loose in that head, sir. Fine man. Thorough theologian. And yet it is astonishing. They come into his study, sir, and sit there, male and female, all in their shrouds. And he talks to them, and advises them. Wonderful! wonderful! True as Gospel, sir!

Member of club: Wonderful! undoubted testimony yours and the doctor's. I shall mention it to our fellows.

What Mrs. Tompkins said to the professor:

Oh, my dear, such a story! and Doctor Doubtnot told it himself to dear Mrs. Chatter. He has been seeing spirits lately, especially that of poor Mrs. Spratt, who died awhile ago, you know. They come to his study, and walk up and down his garden, and he talks to them by the hour, and is not the least scared. Mrs. Spratt came the day of her funeral, in search of religious consolation. Wonderful!

Professor: Marvellous! marvellous! I could not believe it without such proof. And the doctor told it himself. Well, well, wonders will never cease, my dear.

What Aunt Green told Mrs. Professor Tompkins:

Well, I never did! Couldn't have believed it, only I've been told by them I can't misdo. Doctor Doubtnot told Mrs. Chatter, and she told Mrs. Bell; Mrs. Bell told Mrs. Black, and she told me, that poor Mrs. Spratt's Ghost walks. Came back to earth the day she was buried, and appeared to Doctor Doubtnot in his garden, before his study window; told him she wasn't saved, I believe; regretted her want of Christian faith during life, and stood there wringing her hands and crying. No doubt others have been too, but I never say what I ain't certain on; ain't no talker, I ain't. This is what them new views comes to: a walking garden path in her shroud, and moaning.

What Mrs. Black told Aunt Green: I always said there was something in ghost stories, always. Nobody can fail to believe good Doctor Doubtnot's testimony. He told Mrs. Chatter, and she told Mrs. Bell, and she told me, that the evening after Mrs. Spratt's funeral, he saw her standing in his garden, in her shroud. She always was a sort of freethinker, I'm afraid, and I suppose she can't rest.

Aunt Green: Lawful sakes!—who ever heered tell? My goodness!

What Mrs. Bell told Mrs. Black: Any one told you the ghost story? No! Why, I must then. The day of poor Mrs. Spratt's funeral, Doctor Doubtnot tells Mrs. Chatter that he saw a woman dressed in white in his garden path, and could not account for it in any natural way.

What Mrs. Chatter told Mrs. Bell: I'm so provoked. Doctor Doubtnot was called away in the middle of a first-rate ghost story. He was telling me how he saw a white figure standing in his garden path, the evening after Mrs. Spratt's funeral. I suppose he was about to account for it somehow, but he was obliged to go. It was quite exciting.

What Doctor Doubtnot said to Mrs. Chatter: Yes, yes, my dear Madame. No doubt many people actually believe that they have seen what is popularly called a ghost. We are all liable to certain superstitious terrors. Now, the evening after poor Mrs. Spratt's funeral, I sat down at my study window, in the dark. The night was starlit, but there was no moon. I had been thinking of our deceased neighbor, as was natural, and on casting my eyes out into the garden, I saw a tall white shape standing directly in the centre of the path. Optical illusion, said I to myself. I rubbed my eyes, but it was there still, and I thought I saw it move.

Servant entering in haste: If you please, doctor, that sick gentleman wants you in a hurry.

Doctor departs, to give religious consolation.

End of ghost story, as given by Rev. Dr. Doubtnot to the Scientific Club of Wilbury, after patient investigation:

When I saw it move, I arose, conscious of a sort of unpleasant nervous sensation in my hair. Come, come, said I, you are too old to be frightened by something white, like a child. I walked down the path with this cane in my hand, and advancing to the white object, gave it a poke. It fell to the ground, and I discovered that it was a sheet which had been hung to dry upon a large lilac bush, and at a distance actually assumed the outlines of a woman's form. In conclusion, let me add that no one has uttered an intentional falsehood. The story has only grown by repetition, as all stories will, and I shall work the matter into my sermon next Sunday, in a manner which I hope may prove beneficial to those who believe all they hear to the discredit of their neighbours, as well as those who give credence to superstitious tales.

And thus the Wilbury ghost story came to an end. And the little boys ceased to haunt the lane without the parsonage, and Madge Mahony returned to the doctor's kitchen, and all was as it had been.

ABIT OF ROMANCE.

Miss Sarah Butillon, at the age of nineteen was an operative in one of the cotton-mills of great Falls N. H. During a certain June she was called home to nurse a sister who had fallen sick with typhoid fever. The sister died, and as her parents were old and poor, Sarah remained at home to look after the affairs of the household. Among her effects which she had brought with her from the factory was a parcel wrapped in a newspaper published in one of the cotton-growing parishes of Louisiana. In this paper she found, among prominent men mentioned as having taken part on a public occasion, one whose her family name of Butillon. The name was not a common one, and in a jocose manner she said she had a mind to write to the man, and see if she could not scrape up a relationship. A companion told her she dared not do it. Partly from curiosity, and partly from a love of adventure, and perhaps, influenced slightly by the banter of her friend, she put the project into effect. She wrote a sensible, modest letter, giving an account of her family, and its genealogy as she understood it, and suggested that, as the family name was not a common one, and that as the publication of his name had afforded her the only opportunity she had ever enjoyed of seeing the same in print, it was not impossible that some relationship existed between them.

In due time Miss Butillon received in reply a letter friendly and affectionate, the writer acknowledging that her father and himself must be cousins. He wrote that he had no family of his own, and but few friends, and he earnestly hoped and desired that the correspondence thus opened might be continued. Sarah acceded to his request, and a correspondence ensued agreeably and satisfactorily to both parties. She wrote as a child might have written to an absent parent, while he answered as he might have answered to a daughter. This was kept up for almost three years, and then Philip Butillon ceased to write. Sarah's last letter had remained unanswered full three months, when she received from an attorney of Natchitoches, intelligence of the death of her distant friend and namesake, together with the information that he had left to her by will the whole of his property, amounting to more than a hundred thousand dollars.

Shortly before receiving this intelligence Sarah had given her hand in marriage to a worthy printer of her native State, and together they visited the land of sugar and cotton, where the property was obtained without trouble.

We wish there were more Philip Butillons, and more Sarah's to hunt them up and secure their property—that is, if said Sarahs would select worthy printers as the sharers of their prosperity.

THE STAR.

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Is printed and published by the Proprietors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WILLIAM R. SQUAREY, at their Office, (opposite the premises of Capt. D. Green, Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

Price of Subscription—THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable half-yearly.

Advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms, viz.:—Per square of seven-teen lines, for first insertion, \$1; each continuation 25 cents.

Book and Job Printing executed in a manner calculated to afford the utmost satisfaction.

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